

# The Hasty Lover ;

With the Young VVomans Answer

## Love me and Marry me.

To a Pleasant New Tune.



**I**F you will love me, be free in expressing it,  
& henceforth give me no cause to complain,  
Or if you hate me be plain in confessing it,  
and in few words put me out of my pain;  
This long delaying, with sighing and praying,  
breeds only delaying in life and Amour,  
Cooing and Wooing, and such foolish doing,  
has oft been my Ruin, therefore I'll give o're.

If you'll propose a kind method of ruling me,  
I may return to my Duty again,  
But if you stick to your old way of fooling me,  
I must be plain, I am none of your Man,  
Passion for passion, on each occasion,  
with free inclination does kindle loves fire;  
But tedious prating, coy folly debating,  
and new doubts creating, still makes it expire.

WOMAN.

You love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,  
still have recourse to the tricks of your Art,  
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,  
yet the same time make a pass at my heart,  
Eye fye deceiver no longer endeavour,  
or think this way ever the Fort will be won,  
No fond caressing must be, nor unlacing,  
or tender embracing till the Parson has done.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,  
pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives,  
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,  
comfort a destroyer and plague of their lives;  
Some are affirming a Trap 'tis for Vermin,  
and yet with the bait, though not Prison agree,  
Ventring that chouse ye must let me espouse ye,  
if ere my dear Mouse you will nibble at me.

M A N.

Tho' you're so scornful now thus to disdain my  
I'll vow and swear by the Powers above, (Love  
If you be kinder, and let me obtain your love,  
from you I'll never, I'll never remove;  
I then prithee Sally, nor stand shally shally,  
nor no longer dally, but give your consent,  
Though I'll not marry, you shall not miscarry,  
then prithee don't tarry, but tell your intent.

W O M A N.

Though you so cunningly strive to obtain my Love,  
Thus I must tell you I'm not to be won,  
For should I yield Sir, you soon would disdain my love  
and to some other new Mistress would run,  
Prithee Deceiver no longer endeavour,  
or think that I ever will give my consent,  
I tell you Sir Harry, for fear I miscarry,  
unless you will marry, this is my intent.

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